

The
Pennell Whirlpool

1925



Pennell Institute--Gray, Maine

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SHIPS

The argosy, galleon, bark, and brigantine,
Belong not to the present but the past.
New England clipper with its stately mast,
The prettiest sailing vessel ever seen,
Chinese junk with bat-wing sails lateen,
And Arab dhow, are dying all too fast,
So old-time sailors wail and stand aghast,
What will ships to future seamen mean?

The little harbor tug and tanker, too,
Where beauty's loss is industry's gain,
Cunarder, queen of the mighty ocean blue,
The submarine and hydroplane,
Do you really think their captains and their crew
Would wish the sailing vessels back again?

G. KENT.

Editorials

MANUAL TRAINING

It has been our opinion for some time that manual training should be taught in the schools of Gray. Although this subject has been under discussion for several years and it has been mentioned in the town warrant many times, no steps have yet been taken to put it into the schools. In most schools of any consequence, especially first class schools, such as Pennell, manual training is part of the regular course, for there is hardly a boy or girl, man or woman, who does not use some carpenter's tools in every-day life, either in the home, in the office, or out-of-doors.

Those to whom manual training is the most useful are those who are planning to be carpenters, but it must be admitted that it is a benefit to nearly all. In a country town one cannot step to the phone and have a carpenter come at once and fix any little thing that has been broken, but perhaps it is best that he cannot. By experience he has learned how to fix a broken chair, table leg, or to make a stand, and it saves him a few cents. But experience is a hard teacher and when a person has his task completed it is not often that he is proud of it. It is usually a rough looking piece of work and seems to stick out as if to say, "I've been broken and I wasn't put back together right." Manual training teaches one how to do away with this rough looking work and to put a finish on it that he is proud to show. Manual training is part of the physical side of a person's training. One should learn to adapt his hands, as well as his brains, to circumstances. If he does not, he is likely to lead a one-sided life and to be considered a bore.

Aside from the financial standpoint, manual training is an interesting study and tends to make the student wish to carry a thing into action as well as to read about it. We feel assured that the benefits of manual training are more than enough to offset the cost. We are also of the opinion that when we are men and women we will be willing to thrust our hands into our pockets and pay two or three more mills on the dollar for taxes, and be able to point to an object and say, "My boy or my girl learned to make that in the manual training course at Pennell Institute."

EVERETT MORRILL, '25.

THE PENNELL WHIRLPOOL

PENNELL

P stands for pride that is never lacking
To prevent a Pennell students slacking.

E is for earnestness, and, 'tis true,
It's sure to be found in a Pennell crew.

N is the newcomer, scared and wild,
Whom Pennell mothers like an only child.

N too, is our nine of baseball fame,
Whose slogan is "Win! Win every game!"

E stands for endeavor to win in the race
And helps put our school in a foremost place.

L brings a love that will last through our life,
Fraught with study and also with strife.

L also adds loyalty, staunch and true,
For our Alma Mater and America, too.
ISABELLE SAWYER.

BOOSTING MAINE

In the last few years everybody has been talking about boosting Maine. There are two general purposes of this campaign. One is to instill the spirit of loyalty and co-operation in the citizens of this state and make them realize the opportunities and advantages they are enjoying. The second is to advertise our attractions to tourists and prospective investors.

We know of no better way of attaining the first end than by interesting the pupils in our public schools in Maine Industries. This could be accomplished by encouraging business men to send representatives to speak in the different secondary schools. Another means would be to have contests similar to the *Press Herald* Maine Essay Contest conducted in the schools, with trips to interesting places in Maine for prizes.

We believe that this would materially help our state by keeping at home high school graduates whose ambition would otherwise lead them afar.

G. K., '26.



*This Issue is respectfully dedicated to the memory of
Major John A. Anderson
the late friend and trustee of this school*

MAJOR JOHN D. ANDERSON

Major John D. Anderson, the son of Dr. Abraham W. and Annah T. Anderson, was born at Gray, November 7, 1836. He prepared for college at Gorham Academy and Yarmouth Institute. He entered Bowdoin at the age of fifteen, remaining three years, then taught school for three years. He returned to College and graduated in 1859. In 1860 he went to Macon, Georgia, then to LaCrosse, Wisconsin, where he was engaged as a teacher and also read law. In 1861 he enlisted as a private in the First Wisconsin Battery. He was promoted to first Sergeant and later to First Lieutenant. He resigned in October, 1862, and re-enlisted in the 23rd Maine Infantry, being severely wounded, losing the use of his left hand and arm. After the consolidation of the 31st and 32nd regiments, caused by their severe losses, Major Anderson was mustered out and immediately joined the 3rd Maryland Infantry. His record as a soldier is enviable, having been complimented in general orders in rescuing two of his guns when surrounded by the enemy, and having lost an eye in the service of his country.

He returned to Gray in 1865 where he was in the Insurance Business and practiced law. In 1886 he was appointed U. S. Pension Agent for Maine, which position he held until 1889, when he was elected Treasurer of the Soldiers' Home at Togus, Maine. He resigned in 1894, returning to Gray to spend the remainder of his life. He was representative from this district in 1875. He was a member of the Cumberland Lodge of New Gloucester; Greenleaf Chapter, Royal Arch Masons; Hawthorne Lodge, Knights of Pythias; Loyal Legion; Union Veterans' Union and a charter member of the Geo. F. Shepley Post, G. A. R.; Department Commander of Maine in 1890, being the only Democrat ever holding that position. Major Anderson was also commander of the Loyal Legion of Maine and of the Union Veterans' Union, being the only man to hold all three of the above positions.

He was one of the four original trustees of Pennell Institute selected by Mr. Henry Pennell. He was President of that board for several years, and during all of the years that he served as a trustee, he was never absent at any trustees' meeting, altho part of the time he lived several miles away.

He worked hard for the advancement of all things pertaining to the betterment of his fellow citizens, seeking always for the highest ideals.

R. T. M.

Athletics at Pennell

CROSS-COUNTRY MEET AT NEW GLOUCESTER

A very interesting Cross-Country Meet was held on October 11, 1924, at New Gloucester High School. The five schools who participated in the meet were: New Gloucester High, Pennell Institute, Greeley Institute, Windham High and Yarmouth High.

Each school was required to enter a team of seven men, the five winners from each school scoring. All but five of the thirty-five who entered, finished the course. When the course was finished, Windham had won first place, Pennell second, New Gloucester third, Greeley fourth, and Yarmouth High last place. Much interest was shown in the event and all of the schools made a most creditable showing.

Pennell Institute was represented by Captain Stevens, Webb, Cole, Leavitt, Mitchell and Wyman.



TRACK MEET

On June 7, 1924, a Track Meet was held on the Pennell Athletic grounds. New Gloucester High, Windham High, Greeley Institute and Pennell took part in the events, with a cup as first prize for the winning school. New Gloucester won out for first place with a score of fifty-two points, Pennell was second with thirty-two points. Severy of Pennell was high point man of the meet, with a collection of thirty points.

This winter, through the efforts of Mr. Hamm, lumber was procured and a small skating rink was built. Much pleasure was derived from the experiment and the boys are enthusiastic in their hopes of having a good hockey team next year.

A tennis court has been built for the girls, so that they, too, may take a more active part in the athletic program of the school.



Kenneth Leavitt, Manager



Earle Stevens, Captain

BASEBALL

Pennell is in an Athletic League with Greeley Institute, New Gloucester High, Windham High and Yarmouth High School this year. A silver cup is to be awarded the winner of the league. Earle Stevens has been elected Captain of baseball, and with Albert Mitchell, Norman Webb, Frank McConkey, Everett Morrill, Harvey Cobb, Kenneth Sawyer, Lawrence Whitney and George Kent as promising material we hope to put a creditable team in the field.

Mr. Hamm is coaching the team; Stub Leavitt has been elected manager and Ina Severy is doing splendid work as cheer leader.

The following schedule has been arranged for Pennell:

- Apr. 25. Pennell at Windham. Pennell 13, Windham 3.
- May 2. Greeley at Pennell. Pennell 4, Greeley 2.
- May 6. Gloucester at Pennell.
- May 9. Pennell at Cape Elizabeth.
- May 13. Cape Elizabeth at Pennell.
- May 16. Yarmouth at Pennell.
- May 20. Windham at Pennell.

- May 23. Pennell at Greeley.
May 27. Pennell at Gloucester.
May 30. Pennell at Yarmouth.
June 5. Alumni vs. Pennell at Gray.
June 6. League Track Meet (place pending).

BASEBALL SCORES OF 1924

- April 26th.—Pennell Institute vs. Greeley Institute at Gray. Won by Pennell.
April 30th.—Pennell Institute vs. Gloucester High at Gray. Won by Pennell.
May 7th.—Pennell Institute vs. Gloucester High at New Gloucester. Won by New Gloucester.
May 14th.—Pennell Institute vs. Yarmouth High at Yarmouth. Won by Yarmouth.
May 21st.—Pennell Institute vs. Windham High at Gray. Won by Windham.
May 28th.—Pennell Institute vs. Windham at Windham. Won by Pennell.
May 31st.—Pennell Institute vs. Yarmouth at Gray. Won by Yarmouth.
June 6th.—Pennell Institute vs. Alumni at Gray. Won by the Alumni.

BASKETBALL

We have not been able to have a basketball team this year because of the lack of a suitable hall. Efforts were made to secure a hall, but none were available. The townspeople do not appear to take much interest in our Winter athletics, or in helping us to get a gymnasium.

Locals

The Curtis Publishing Company offered the students of Pennell Institute a way to earn some easy money for Athletics, by securing subscriptions to *The Country Gentleman*. The school was divided into three divisions: Spark Plugs, Barney Googles, and the Andy Gumps. The amount raised was sixty-three dollars (\$63). The Barney Googles won the contest and were given a social by the two losing sides.

The social was held Friday evening, October 10th. Some of the games were as follows: 100-yard dash, relay, cracker, newspaper, doughnut, aeroplane and suitcase races. Both boys and girls joined in the pillow fight.

Refreshments were served and a dance followed.

Graduation Exercises

of the

CLASS OF 1924, PENNELL INSTITUTE

Gray, Maine

Friday, June sixth, at ten A. M.

Class Motto: "Where there's a will, there's a way"

Class Colors: Blue and Silver

PROGRAM

March

Invocation

Music

Salutatory Ellen Frances Cole
 Class History Albert William Doughty
 Essay, "Her Majesty, the Queen" Elizabeth Margaret Campbell

Music by Chorus

Presentation of Gifts Verna Mae Yeaton, Ernest Wilford Leonard
 Oration George Clarence Severy
 Noyes' Poem, "The Highwayman" Doris Mae Roberts

Music by Chorus

Prophecy Marjorie Clark Stacy
 Essay, "Colonial Customs in Maine" Clyde Atherton Muzzy
 Class Will Eugene Fernald Sawyer
 Valedictory Louise Josephine Douglass

Music

Award of the Chipman Prize

Presentation of Diplomas

Benediction

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

A reception for the Freshman class was held on September 19, 1924. A large number attended. The freshmen were welcomed in the reception hall. They were asked to do a few stunts, such as eating blueberry pie without using their hands, and eating apples hung on a string. Speeches were made by the freshmen.

After the reception, a social hour of dancing and games was enjoyed by all.

LOCALS

A Public Speaking Contest was held at Memorial Hall, March 27, 1925. The following were the speakers.

Seniors: Maynard Colley, Ina Severy, Earle Stevens.

Juniors: George Kent, Everett Morrill, Bernice Winslow.

Sophomores: Louise Chipman, Aubigne Chipman, Dorothea MacLeod.

Freshmen: Dorothy Dolloff, Naomi Roberts, Georgia Young.

The prizes offered were a silver cup and two dollars. Maynard Colley won first place and Ina Severy, second. A Moving Picture was also given, "The Canadian Northwest."

The Chipman Prize was awarded to Eugene Sawyer, 1924.

The Seniors are working on their Class Play, "Nothing but the Truth," to be given about the first of May.

The Juniors are planning on giving "Teddy, or the Runaways," the last of May.

The Junior Class gave a Farce, "Aunt Abigail and the Boys," February 28th. The characters were taken by Kenneth Sawyer, Mary Campbell, George Kent, Merrill Libby, Everett Morrill, Wendell Tripp, Bernice Winslow, Maynard Colley, Norman Webb, Harvey Cobb and Everett Ellinwood.

Ina Severy gave a reading between the Farce and the pantomime.

Mr. Perley Sawyer presented the school with a tennis net in appreciation for the help given him in fighting a fire on his land.

THE MINSTREL SHOW

The students of Pennell Institute gave a Minstrel Show, November 7, 1924, for the benefit of the school Orchestra, which has been organized this fall, and the Athletic Association. The amount raised was eighty dollars. The first act was the Minstrel Proper, in which the performers were, Earle Stevens, interlocutor; Merrill Libby, Everett Morrill, Norman Cole, Frank McConkey, Ralph Morrill and Norman Webb, Nelson Winslow, Maynard Colley, endmen. Other blackface comedians who appeared in the show were, George Kent and Warren Libby.

Songs and dances were given by the following: Evelyn Hill, Naomi Roberts, Louise Chipman, Ruth Jordan, Marion Hawkes, Annie Frank, Mary Higgins, Georgia Young and Aubigne Cushing.

The second act was a Negro Mock Trial. In this act the following actors took important parts: George Kent, Norman Cole, Warren Libby, Clara Edwards.

THE CROSSWORD AND THE RADIO

The Folks are nuts 'bout Radio
And crossword puzzles, too.
The bug is bound to get you
The very best you do.

I've tried all sorts of antics,
Preventatives and such,
The more you take, the worse you get,
And it doesn't help much.

The disease is getting chronic,
It's more'n a regular fad;
The Radio was bad enough,
But the two would drive you mad.

It works like this at our house,
The neighbors all come in,
When "Buddy" starts the Radio,
The women will begin.

We get all the latest gossip
From everywhere in town,
'Bout Mrs. What's-her-name's new dress,
Or some other ladies' gown.

They think they'd like the Radio,
If only they could hear,
It sounds sometimes too far away,
Or else too pesky near.

I've eulogized the Radio
And its attendant ills,
The way things work at our house
Would give a man the chills.

The wretched crossword puzzle, too,
Has come to be the vogue;
They'll figure for an hour or more
To find a word for rogue.

"Oh, no, that doesn't seem to fit,
It should begin with p;"
They figure up and down the chart
To make the thing agree.

The spread of this distemper
Does far exceed the cure,
And so the things we cannot help
Of course we must endure.

E. F. S., '25.

Literary

FRIDAY, THE THIRTEENTH

Two old cronies, Mocha and Java, roomed together in Portland. They both worked as helpers to the second assistant to the third assistant to the first assistant bricklayer on a large building then being erected. Mocha was an old-time sailor, so, like all seamen, he was superstitious. He annoyed Java constantly for a month by bemoaning the coming of Friday, the thirteenth. When Java tried to argue, he would merely tell of catastrophes that had happened on other such unlucky days. Once he had fallen from the rigging of a schooner into a raging sea, and got his clothes wet. Another time he missed a chance to join the Grand Opera because he couldn't sing.

On the fateful day he was awakened by an exclamation from his partner.

"Shux, I forgot to wind the alarm. We've got just three minutes to get to work."

They hustled into their clothes and sprinted off, although Mocha declared that it was no use. The whistle blew a moment before they arrived. The timekeeper grunted at them as they passed, "You're both docked an hour's pay."

As they were carrying bricks on the building top, Java stepped on Mocha's toes. Two bricks were dislodged and fell. In the middle of an exchange of caustic comments, Java suddenly stared and pointed down. Workmen were running up to a mason who was lying on the ground. When the two room-mates reached the ground the still form had been carried off.

Mocha cursed the day and groaned with such a woebegone expression that Java could contain himself no longer.

"It's just a joke on you, Mocha. We framed up the accident just to give you a taste of bad luck, so you wouldn't be disappointed." One of the workmen hesitated and then returned, "He saw only one brick fall. I reckon his shoulder's broken from the other one."

GEORGE KENT.

POEM

In making up rhymes I am beat,
 For that is no easy feat,
 I have thought and thought all day,
 But still my mind is all astray.
 First, I thought of snow piled high,
 Then of the full moon in the sky,
 And of the splendour all around,
 Of the beautiful snow-covered ground.
 If I could do just as I please,
 I'd be out in the field on my skis,
 So I think I'll hunt'up a friend
 And bring to this short "pome" an end.

FRIDAY, THE THIRTEENTH

Jerry Bean and his wife lived in a small house at Sugar Loaf Mountain. Friday was a very unlucky day for both of these people; for example, once their wild sheep got loose with her chain on and ran around the house until Mrs. Bean got out to try and stop her. The sheep ran around her and her feet got tangled in the chain; so, after a hard struggle to get untangled, she was thrown to the ground and her leg was bruised and bleeding when she crept to the house, bareheaded and with only one shoe. She had lost the other when the chain got tangled around her feet and the sheep had pulled on the chain.

This had happened about four weeks ago, and today was again Friday, also the thirteenth, which was unlucky for the old couple.

As it had been rainy all the week, Martha had just finished her washing and was sitting in the house as she said, "Jerry, I know something is going to happen today. I feel it in my bones, for today is one of the unluckiest days possible."

But the only reply she got from Jerry was, "Oh, Martha, don't you be a'crossin' that bridge before you get to it for this may be a lucky day yet."

A little later, Jerry said, "Martha, I think I shall go to town today and get me one of those Radios so we can enjoy the long evenings with it this winter."

Mrs. Bean looked up as if she was disgusted and said, "Radio to fuss with every night before you go to bed and get only a few squeaking noises or a little child's bedtime story. Whoever heard of the like, spending money so foolishly, and it will cause you bad luck as sure as I'm a'living, if you buy it today." But not paying any attention to what she said, he dressed up in his best Sunday clothes. He thought he looked fine in his new knickers and red and blue checked vest with a pink striped shirt.

In a few minutes he was walking down through the pasture. Suddenly he heard a noise and turned around to see his old ugly bull coming after him. He tried to think what he could do, but it was useless. The only thing he could do was to jump the fence and run for the house. Just as he tried to jump the fence, the bull caught him and tossed him in the air and he landed half over the fence. His clothes were torn and his back nearly broken when he managed to crawl to the house with an old bag wrapped around him to cover up the hole in his knickers.

On seeing his clothes torn, and him in such pain, Mrs. Bean could not help saying, "There, Jerry Bean, what did I tell you; today is Friday, the thirteenth, and one unlucky day for you!"

CLARA EDWARDS, '26.

WINTER

We shiver in the cold in the morning,
We go to the school in a storm,
Around us the snowdrifts are forming
And we think we will never be warm.

If we were as rich as old Croesus,
We could go to the south far away,
Where the beautiful climate would please us,
We could lie in the sunshine all day.

But cheer up, for springtime is coming,
Then we will be happy again,
When we listen to the bees and their humming
We will think of the beauties of Maine.

M. E. C., '26.

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

Algernon York was feeling nervous and fidgety. The next day held more terrors for him than had February sixth. On that day Blank Institute was to hold the grand finals of the public speaking contest. The winner was to be awarded with a prize of ten dollars. Algernon had picked that soul-stirring ballad, "Barbara Frietchie" for his reading.

He spent a long evening repeating his poem to himself. It kept recurring to him in his sleep and he would waken his brother by his mutterings. He dreamed that he was speaking in the contest. The thunderous applause almost woke him up, but he stayed asleep long enough to receive the prize with a graceful little speech. The next day a schoolmate showed him a parody on "Barbara Frietchie." It seemed to him so funny that he laughed every time he thought of it. He repeated it to several of his friends.

The contest started at eight o'clock sharp that evening. The judges were in their places. He waited impatiently for his turn but his name happened to be last on the list. At last the time came. Up on the stage he marched, placed his hand on his heart and commenced. He wondered vaguely what the audience was tittering about. Then he came to the climax. Flinging his arms, he said, "Who touches a hair of that old bald head, dies like a jass-aik! 'Skip along,' he said."

The audience roared. He stood horror-struck when he realized what he had done. He had given the parody on "Barbara Frietchie." He did not get the ten dollars, but he did win a prize. The pupils "chipped in" and bought him a solid tin ear trumpet.



Old Mills, North Gray

EARLY HISTORY OF GRAY

The history of the town of Gray begins with the granting of a township to Thomas Gray, and others, in the year 1735.

The tract of land selected by these men was called New Boston after 1856, which name it bore until the date of its incorporation, 1778, when the name of Gray was taken in honor of the early land proprietor.

Settlement was begun in 1750.

In 1756 the proprietors made a report of the progress of the settlement to the legislature, in which they stated that they had laid out 63 lots of 60 acres each for settling lots, and built a meeting-house, erected 36 dwelling houses and cleared a part of the land, as required by the conditions of the grant; but they had been put to very great expense and suffering.

The settlers lived in constant fear of hostile Indians. On May 17, 1755, the settlement was surprised by a large number of savages who destroyed the cattle, burned the meeting-house and all the dwelling houses and obliged the settlers to flee to places of safety. After peace was concluded with the Indians, some of the inhabitants returned and erected a new meeting-house as well as a large block-house, 50x50 feet, around which they erected a garrison one hundred feet wide. This was supplied with military stores.

Gray, the thirty-ninth town of Maine, was incorporated June 19, 1778. The first election was held at the meeting-house which stood in the street near the present town house.

The church, which was erected soon after the second settlement, was used as a town house for many years. The present brick town house was erected by David Carey at a cost of \$1,200, and first used on March 5, 1838. This build-

ing remains practically the same today as at the time it was put up. It is located in the corner of the large cemetery. After this was built, they used the church as a regular meeting place for Sundays.

The first commercial industry established in this town was that of cutting masts by the British marines. Soon after the second settlement was begun a mill was erected at the falls a short distance below the more important falls where the industry of lumbering began.

After this many saw mills sprang up in all parts of the town and continued extensive operations for many years.

The greatest individual industry ever operated in the borders of town of Gray was the Falmouth Mills, established in 1800 by Samuel Mayall, an Englishman. He came to this town and located his factory, which was the first woolen mill ever operated in the United States.

W. B. T., '26.

THE TALKING STONE

One can find in the cemetery
Of the noted town of Gray,
A large white stone, that will listen
And talk to you, they say.

If you go out there at night time
And kneel before it, you'll find
That this is a fact from history,
No illusion of the mind.

Although I've never tried it,
I've the word of many that know,
Of honest people who've heard it,
Or wouldn't have told me so.

If, when you approach this large stone,
Upon your knees you fall,
And ask it what it died of,
It will answer, "Nothing at all."

E. M., '26.

TO A MAINE WINTER

This is the season of winter, the snow-covered roads and the hillsides
Shine in the rising sun with many a sparkling diamond.
The air of the pine tree state, bracing and keen—but not bitter,
Makes a man hardy, with vigor and stalwartness fills him,
When the Wild Northeaster sweeps over the earth in a whirlwind,
Heaping huge drifts in the highways and venting its fury upon us.
Pile up more wood on the fire 'til it roars and vies with the tempest.
The sky on a clear winter evening glows with the color of rainbows.
A golden moon floods the landscape with a soft and beautiful radiance.
In the North the streaming Aurora paints the star-dotted heavens.
This is the season of winter. Should it not be regarded with pleasure,
Instead of the dread and the groaning with which we greet it so often?
So I proclaim and I always will until I'm old and decrepit.

W. LIBBY, '25.

THE "GHOST" OF MAYALL'S TOMB

Mayall's Tomb is situated in the woods on the road between North and East Gray. This tomb was built about 1870 by Mr. Mayall. At one time he and his wife were buried there. Later the townspeople objected so strenuously to private cemeteries that the bodies were removed to Gray Cemetery. It is entirely surrounded by trees and it is very gloomy. People claimed to have heard groans and other queer noises when they went near there in the evening, which was seldom.

One night, at an entertainment at Gray Corner, some people were saying that it was haunted. A North-Gray fellow, called Mickey, laughed at them, and after much bantering declared he was going to stop there on his way home and find the ghost.

Now, Mickey is quite nerry, and he went up the road towards the tomb whistling, but as he neared the tomb, he heard a low, weird groan, and his whistle stuck in his throat. He kept on, however, and after a minute the sound ceased. Screwing up his courage, he started cautiously down the dark opening of the tomb.

The next moment there was a "Swis-s-s-s-h" behind him, and Mickey fell to the floor of the tomb. In falling he grasped something long, straight and smooth, which shone with a queer, white light; he immediately cast this from him. Then it seemed as if his last hour had come, for there was an awful crash and he was struck from all sides. The blows ceased and Mickey, half-stunned, staggered to his feet and started toward the opening. He received another blow at which he made one leap and landed outside the tomb. Something grasped his legs but he kicked it off. Something scratched the side of his face, but he gave no heed. Instead, he rushed blindly down the road toward home.

The next morning, after a good night's sleep, for his harrowing experiences had not kept him from sleeping, he decided to go down there again and see if he could find anything. He discovered an old, ragged pine leaning over the opening of the tomb. Inside, some rocks were scattered around, and in the farther corner was a bone that had been gnawed smooth by a dog. The pine swaying in the wind had been the source of the groans, and its fall had caused the great crash. The blows were inflicted by the stones which he had dislodged in his fall. The pine, also, had been the cause of his scratches.

A good laugh "was enjoyed by all" about the "ghost" of Mayall's Tomb.

ISABELLE SAWYER, '25.

AGAINST MATERIALISM

Again we feel the pressure of the world
Alluring us to bald materialism.
The envious avid voice of people
Crying after wealth.
And if, perchance, we ultimately gain
A place of sordid opulence, what then?
What have we of life's greatest pleasures won?
Can we enjoy sincerely round about us
Transcendent beauties nature gives us free:
Do we imbibe with sympathy and love
Draughts of wisdom and of noble thoughts
That mighty minds of ages past have left us
In cups that we should almost hesitate to raise
To our unworthy tainted lips?
We are allowed to look on and to taste
In our mean unappreciative ways;
But how can we permit such blandishment,
We, who have gone pervertedly astray!
The world is kind, indeed, to poor humanity
To let us share its myriad wonders free,
For he is poorest of the poor
Who sees and takes but wealth
As his short, empty life moves slowly on
Unto one sunset he cannot avoid.

Exchanges

Academy Bell—A very well arranged paper.

Netop—A good paper. Would be better if you had a few more pictures. Your literary department is exceptionally good. The stories are full of life.

The Breccia—A good paper. Very attractive cover.

The Par-Sem—A very interesting paper. The pictures and jokes are very good.

The Greely Annual—A very good cover and the cartoons are good.

Crimson Rambler—A good literary department. Your jokes are very interesting. Your poems are very good.

The Puvian—The jokes are good.

The Madisonian—The history of Madison is very interesting.

The Record—The drawings and stories are original. A very good cover.

Leavitt Angelus—You have a good list of exchanges. The class parts are very good.

STANDARDS OF OLD PENNELL

(Tune: "Tumbled Down Shack")

May we never forget,
No, we'll never regret
Happy days that we spent at P. I.
Our "white and blue" speaks of loyalty, too,
Clean of mind and fine spirit as well,
When from here we shall roam
O'er the world or back home,
To your teachings we'll ever be true.
Then the future will hold
Things more precious than gold,
May our Standards reflect back to you.

The days now seem long,
But soon we'll be gone
Far from our dear old P. I.
Our colors, so true, will mean more to you,
After days that you spent at Pennell,
When we're all old and gray,
We will think of the day
That we followed its teachings anew.
Then the future for us!
Help you, Pennell, we must,
For our Standards reflect back to you.

INA M. SEVERY, '25.

Alumni Notes

CLASS OF 1924

Ellen F. Cole, teacher,	North Gray, Me.
Louise J. Douglass,	Gray, Me.
Doris M. Roberts, teacher,	East Gray, Me.
Marjorie C. Stacy,	Gray, Me.
Verna M. Yeaton, teacher,	Brunswick, Me.
Albert W. Doughty,	Portland, Me.
Ernest Leonard,	Voyaged to China and South America
Clyve A. Muzzy,	Gray, Me.
Eugene Sawyer, Bates College,	
George Severy, Colby College,	
Elizabeth Campbell,	Pasadena, Calif.

ALUMNI OFFICERS

President, MR. EUGENE FOSTER
Vice-President, MR. GUY PRINCE
Treasurer, MRS. HEWETT D. COLE
Secretary, MARGUERITE E. VERRILL

The Alumni entertained the pupils of Pennell Institute on January 9, 1925. A prize was offered by them to the Class giving the best entertainment for the Alumni during the year.

The Seniors entertained the Alumni, January 26th. Their program consisted of readings and solos.

The Juniors entertained the Alumni, February 20th. Their pantomime was very interesting.

The Sophomores entertained the Alumni, April 3rd, with a Mock Trial. Refreshments were served by all of the classes.

The Freshmen won the prize for the best entertainment given for the Alumni by their program, consisting of historical tableaux. The prize was a five-dollar gold piece.

"CONTENT"

I sat at my desk to study—
Nervous and ill at ease.
Outside the wild wind whistled
And whined out its mournful pleas.

The windows rattled and thundered,
The wind uttered wail after wail—
Except for the wind, no storm at all,
But—that wind increased to a gale.

Down thru city streets—near deserted—
Yet filled with a spectral gloom,
Were blown dust and sticks and old papers,
I shivered—alone in my room.

A crash! as of something that's broken,
The rumbling increases still more,
And fright partly conquers my spirit—
The wind has become a loud roar.

It blows and it whistles and screeches,
Its furious noises resound!
'Tis quiet—for only a moment—
For a moment, there's peace to be found.

Now, it's at it again! And, unhindered,
Loads of particles whiz thru the air,
As tho in a last mad endeavor,
They attempt to find quiet somewhere.

The air is all filled with débris,
The terrible sounds still increase;
The elements war with each other,
Is there no place on earth to find peace?

A terrible rush of the wild wind!
The sound of it fills me with dread;
I start to look out of my window—
Pause—and gaze round my room once
instead.

In wonder my eyes seem to open,
My glances rove 'round at their will;
Why! everything's peace and contentment—
The entire room is so still!

Now into my mind there comes flashing,
A sudden, enlightening idea—
Things which I thot so mysterious,
Now, startlingly, seem very clear.

Men have hunted the answer for æons,
To the question—"Why wars never cease?"
And princely rewards have been offered to
The man who'll invent world-wide-peace.

We have all had our times of regret,
Disappointment and doubt and despair,
We have sought to find peace in forgetting
Or in pleasure—but it's not found there.

We have looked all around and about us,
But the sought for, we never have found—
The place where peace and contentment,
Where love, hope and faith all abound.

We have looked on the outside of life,
Just as I sat and gazed at the storm;
While right there inside of our hearts
It was quiet and peaceful and warm.

'Twas only the waste and the rubbish
That the wind had been blowing away,
So, the cool wind of Hope will blow o'er us,
Driving out discontent, fear, dismay.

As we sit in our warm cozy houses
(And wait for the clearing outside),
Let us sit thru our storms of emotion
And wait for Content's in-bound tide.

A. W. S.



JOKES

Miss W. (in History): "Don't you usually sit in the front seat, Mr. Stevens?"

Mr. Stevens: "I sit partly on the front seat and partly on the back."

Mr. H. (in General Science): "What makes a person's temperature rise?"

Brilliant Pupil: "When the process of evaporation stops."

Miss W. (in History): "What were three important events of the year 1619?"

Miss Frank: "The men married some wives."

Mr. Goff (writing on the board): "Shakespeare died in April."

Miss Cushing: "I shouldn't think you would say in April."

Mr. Ellenwood: "No, he died in his bed."

Miss Severy (in History): "The states Virginia and Maryland went to see Washington."

Mr. H. (in Science): "For tomorrow, study under the moon."

Miss Cushing: "Who with?"

Miss W. (in History): "The people of Rome ate many eggs because they couldn't afford to buy meat."

Miss Brackett (in surprise): "Did they have hens then?"

Miss Allen (in History): "Santa Anna fell into his arms (hands)."

Miss Chipman (in Science): "It causes a person many deaths to have acute indigestion."

"Oh, death, what is thy limit?"

Miss Small (to Miss W.): "If I put gold on my product map, shall I get it back?"

Mr. Goff (to Seniors): "Miss Wentworth has seen many plays in her day."

Miss W. (in History III and IV): "Cornwallis surrendered on page 122."

IN CHAPEL.

Mr. Hamm: "Stand upon your feet and keep *silent* while repeating the Lord's Prayer."

Mr. Goff (in English II): "What did you see about ghosts in that Chapter?"

Mr. Ellenwood: "I didn't see a ghost during the whole chapter."

Miss Cobb (in General Science): "If you apply alcohol on your hands, it makes your skin cool, so why is it when a man drinks alcohol he gets hot?"

IN SCIENCE.

Mr. Hamm: "What plant takes the most water out of the ground?"

Miss McLeod: "Watermelon."

Miss W.: "What were some of the peculiarities of Johnson?"

Mr. Libby: "He used to walk down the street counting the telephone poles."

VERY APPROPRIATE!

Students in Chapel, singing "Holy, Holy, Holy," while two Juniors tear trousers on the seats!

Mr. Hamm (to Miss Small): "What did you get, Miss Small?"

Miss S.: "I didn't get anything."

Mr. H.: "Yes, you did; you got zero."

Miss S.: "I don't call that anything."

Miss Yeaton: "She followed the golden rod" (golden rule).

Mr. Goff (to class): "If anyone falls out that window and breaks his neck, I'll give him zero in Latin."

Wonder if he meant to send a large floral zero to the funeral?

FRENCH AS IT IS SPOKEN.

Say Ira (ça Ira).
By Jew (Bijou).

Mr. Winslow (in Latin, translating):
"Soporiferum papaver" means soap
(sleep) bearing poppy."

Warren Libby (in Latin): "Two Gods
have squelched one woman" ("Femina
victa dnobus deis").

SEEN ON THE BOARD.

"Religious growth found in Miss W.'s
room."

Meet the penal colony in the recitation
room: Stevens, McConkey, Jeddy Libby.

Miss W. (in English III): "Give an
example of Antithesis."

Bernice W.: "To err is human; to
love, divine."

She meant, to forgive is divine.

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live nearby.

Managers: Ina Severy, Alice Skillings
Head Waiter, Bernice Small

First Course

Raw Mashed Potato Dried Horse Beef
Dog Biscuit
Goose Grease Gravy

Second Course

Fruit Cake (made in Adam's Time)
Whipped Skim Milk Cake

Chief Cook and Bottle-Washer, Isabel
Sawyer

Fireman, Lawrence Humphrey

Mince Pie (contents unknown)

Coffee (Dish Water)

Tea (Dried Cabbage Leaves)

Minus finger bowls and bring your own
toothpicks

Undertaker Engaged

D. A. M. and P. H.

WHO'S WHO IN THE SENIOR CLASS

Alphabetically, Lena Allen leads her
class. Her favorite song is, "When
Freddy Dances With Me." Her chief pas-
time is entertaining visitors over the
week-end. "Hello, Freddy," is her most
used phrase. Her ambition is to be a
competent housekeeper.

Annie Frank hopes to be a second Ca-
ruso. Her favorite pastime is motoring
in an Essex Coach. "Charlie, My Boy,"
is the song she prefers. "We'll get there
yet."

Mary Higgins kills time in the Library
with (?). "Come on, Alice," is her call
signal. She favors the song, "When
Shall I See You Again?" She expects to
go to college and burst right into society
some day.

Ina Severy is the cheer leader. Her
hobby is athletics. "Pennell" is her fa-
vorite song. "Is that so?" is a saying of
hers. Her goal is to be the first woman
governor of Maine.

Alice Skillings' ambition is to be a
country schoolmarm. "That's a Peach"
is her well worn expression. Her hobby
is chewing gum; favorite song, "Only Just
Suppose."

Isabelle Sawyer's favorite song is
"Doodle-Do-Doo." Her pastime is danc-
ing. "You're too slow" is her favorite ex-
pression. Her ambition is to get MAR-
RIED! Don't rub her fur the wrong
way (?).

Marion Pollard's favorite song is "Last Night on the Back Porch." She spends her spare time on a doorstep. Her favorite saying is, "Pennell wasn't built in a day." She hopes to invent a wear-ever, cushioned doorstep.

Chester Morrill — He'll be a famous dancer some day; favorite saying, "What Ails You?" He favors "I Love Me." Chief pastime, Senior Rehearsals (?).

Warren Libby—Favorite song, "Nobody to Love"; ambition, to be principal of a high school. Where? Chief pastime, Flirting (?). You'll always know Warren when he says, "Look out of the way, I'm coming."

Earle Stevens — Duck-hunting constitutes his chief pastime; ambition, playing ball on a National League Team; favorite song, "What'll I Do?" His most popular saying is "Yace."

Frank McConkey — Chief pastime is studying; favorite song, "Oh, What a Pal was Mary." He expects to be a Mason. Common saying, "Where's Mary?"

Lawrence Whitney—We know him by his "Daw-gone it." He expects to be a barber in Gray, 1965. Favorite pastime, getting to school on time; favorite song, "They're All Sweeties."

Lawrence Humphrey—Pastime, borrowing his Uncle's Ford to go to church. He expects to teach the Kindergarten at Gray. He greets one with "Oh, You Prune." His favorite song is "Barney Google."

Maynard Colley—Favorite saying, "Come on, Buster." We expect to hear him over the Radio playing an accompaniment on his violin to the New York Symphony Orchestra some time in the future. Favorite pastime, taking the girls home (which one?); favorite song is "Minding My Business."

(Tune: "The Wearing of the Green")

I've travelled on the land and I've travelled on the sea,
But this old town possesses many a curiosity.
The very greatest curio in which I take delight
Is the fire apparatus starting out upon a fight.

Oh! the greatest calamity that has struck the town of Gray
Was the time Punk Sawyer hit the hydrant like a ton of hay.
He upset it and that's why today,
We've drinking wells in Gray.
It's due to Punkin Sawyer, there's no water bills to pay.

INA SEVERY, '25.

IMAGINE:

Kink—quarreling with Kenneth.
Wendell—refusing to go to the Cadets' Ball.
Kent—flirting with the Freshman girls.
Clara—short and stout.
Bernice W.—angry.
Bernice S.—powdering.
Merrill—not whispering.
Everett—with anybody but Ruth.
Kenneth—with a French lesson prepared.
Mary—pale and pindling.

JUNIORS.

J is for Junior Class, the best in school,
U is for unity, which we keep as a rule;
N is for naughty, which we never are,
I is for ire, in which the seniors star;
O is for oddness, which we never show,
R is for rights, about which the seniors blow;
S is for sadness, which we throw to the wind.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE

Ellen Wood, a young lady very fond of walking, wished on one hot summer afternoon to go for a short stroll. She decided to visit a section of the woods near her home called by the people in that district, "*Morrill's Woods*," because the River *Jordan* wound around among the small hills and knolls reminding them of a pair of frank lovers that once lived near there at *Libby's Corner*.

Ellen started off, gaily whistling "*Marching Through Georgia*" at the top of her voice. She did not watch where she was going, however, and soon tripped upon a *Campbell's* soup can and fell. She picked the can up, and in trying to pry it open with her fingers she felt a sliver of tin along the jagged rim pierce her finger. She dropped it with an emphatic "*St. Dennis!*", resolving to leave it alone. She walked on thoughtfully in a grove of tall *Douglass* firs for sometime, watching the plump, coal-black hawks circling overhead.

Soon she noticed that it was nearing supper time and beginning to grow dark, so she turned her footsteps homeward to help her foster-mother with the evening work. As she started back she heard a sharp rustling behind her, and on turning back she saw a shaggy animal coming along at an easy pace behind her. "A

wolf!" she thought, then terrified, "He will win slowly upon me!"

She began to run as fast as she could toward home, though her feet felt as tho they were webbed, and the animal followed her closely all the time. She soon came to a clearing near the house of a sawyer, who, as a side-line, smoked a few hams, and not noticing a large pile of coals he had prepared for fuel, she ran into it and fell headlong, thinking her end had come at last.

The supposed wolf rushed up to her and began to bark loudly. She looked up, timidly at first, then gave a cry of amazement, for there before her stood her big *Collic*, with a fat *bunny* at his feet. She gave a sigh of relief and looked down at her dress, exclaiming, "Well, I dia brack it some in my wild flight, but I won't get fooled again!"

Just then sawyer *Kent* rushed out to her, asking, "Why do you make loud noise? Is it *Robberts*, or why hump from the woods so fast?"

"Why, man," the young girl replied, "I came up *Pollard's Hill* so that I'm all in!"

She then told him the whole story and they both enjoyed a hearty laugh.

A. C., '27.

French rules to learn.
Little I care if I don't.
Uncle maked me a visit.
Nice hard exam next day.
Knowed nothing about it.

C. E.

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